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Yesterday.

OFT in the silence of an eve
The shadows seem to draw away,
And through the clouds of golden mist
My fancies stream to yesterday.
Sweet as the perfume of the fields
When Summer holds her flowery sway
Are memories of our happy youth,
Of pleasures spent in yesterday.

J. F. S.

The Apostle of Liverpool.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.



HE world admires men of genius and talent. Upon them it sets its seal of approval according to the degree of greatness they have attained. This is especially notable when men have distinguished themselves by the accomplishment of some great material project or by high intellectual attainment. Ability to do great things and to accomplish great ends is the world's criterion of worth. But if to superior powers of mind we unite greatness of soul—that quality most to be admired in all who possess it—what ought to be the measure of our appreciation and esteem? Truly of each one it may be said that he is God's noblest handiwork. That these were the characteristics of the man whose zeal and self-sacrifice in behalf of orphans and outcasts made his name a household word throughout Great Britain for more than half a century, as his life and labors attest, I shall not hesitate to say. That man was Mgr. Nugent, called by those for whom he lived, labored, and died, "plain Father Nugent."

Born in Liverpool in the year 1822, Mgr.

Nugent spent the whole of his active and fruitful career in and about his natal city. He was of Irish parentage. Although born on English soil, Ireland may claim him as one of her most devoted sons. America, too, cherishes the remembrance of his name. Shortly before his death, which occurred June 27 of last year, he visited our country in company with Dom Gasquet, the celebrated English historian. The life of Mgr. Nugent was one long act of self-denial and self-sacrifice for the welfare of his fellowmen. From the day of his consecration to the priesthood until his death he, like his divine Master, "went about doing good." The extent of his labors was so broad and of so comprehensive a nature that in recognition of his great merit a writer has compared him to Father Mathew, Dom Bosco and Cardinal Manning, and united in him the distinguishing traits of all three. His life as a priest was devoted mainly to the betterment of social conditions among the working classes, to the uplifting of the poor and fallen, and to the rescuing of homeless and abandoned children from certain corruption and total depravity. The spirit of philanthropy was the motive that actuated him in every movement. Unselfish in the extreme, he made many personal sacrifices truly worthy of the name.

After nearly twenty years of arduous and persevering labor among the poor, spent in behalf of their education and economic welfare, he received the appointment of prison chaplain at Walton, a suburb of Liverpool. His experience here, we are told, "colored and controlled" the whole of his after-life. There he came in contact with the most hardened degenerates and gained a practical insight into the lives of the criminal classes; there he discovered the

sources of crime and the difficulties that hindered these poor unfortunates from escaping degradation if they would; there was revealed to him "that remnant of the angel which is to be found in the most abandoned and which it should be the study of the social reformer, particularly a minister of religion, to discover and turn to account."

A new field for apostolic labor now presented itself to the fervent soul of Father Nugent. To see his beloved poor, for whom he had made many personal sacrifices suffering sometimes the lack of things most necessary for the meanest existence, weighed like a great weight upon his heart. But there were others whose abject condition appealed more strongly to his ardent spirit. To be poor was bad enough; but how much more deserving of his charity were those, who, adding vice to poverty, had sunk to the lowest depths of misery, and wretchedness. The outlawed, the fallen, and the debased, victims of an overcrowded and ever-increasing population, of poverty and of drink, were to become the objects of his tenderest solicitude. He resolved to become a social reformer.

With that undaunted courage and persistent and energetic spirit which characterized him in everything he undertook he set to work. A reform must be effected. But how? What means was he to employ to accomplish his end? Idleness and drink seemed to him to be the chief sources of crime. What he daily witnessed at Walton tended only to convince him more firmly that the State, while it punished crime, attacked the effect only without removing the cause—remove the cause and the resulting effect must vanish. The root of the evil must be sought for and destroyed. He did not believe in adopting half-measures, means that must eventually fail in their purpose in combating that "scourge of humanity," the drink habit. He was a firm believer in total abstinence, regarding it as the most perfect form of temperance. He was convinced that this was the radical remedy for most of the existing social evils.

His first move was to found in 1872 the "Catholic Total Abstinence League." In this movement he was not alone, for in the history of the League the names of

Cardinal Manning and Mgr. Nugent can never be separated. When Manning introduced the League into Westminster he appended the affix "of the Cross," thus making the title more embracing and even universal in its application. To this League and Mgr. Nugent's fervid advocacy of total abstinence, thousands owe their liberation from the accursed habit of drink, their restoration to lost manhood, betterment of their social condition, and reconciliation with their God. As a result of the combined efforts of Manning and Nugent a permanent organization was established and a continuance of their work secured. The good accomplished was marvelous. In a single year 15,000 took the pledge, and in a period of twenty years Mgr. Nugent has administered the pledge to upwards of 500,000 people. This success must certainly have been gratifying to that ardent laborer in Christ's service. Of him and his work it was said that "since Mgr. Nugent began his crusade it is no longer respectable to drink even in Liverpool."

Mgr. Nugent well understood, and was not slow to impress upon the public mind, the fact that crime and disorder are mostly the result of ignorance, of want of care and training in the formative period of life, and of proper social environment. Recognizing the deep truth in the old saying that "the boy is father to the man," his appeal to the public was to "save the boy." To that end he founded in 1864 a "Boy's Refuge." Within this home, in the very first year of its existence, 23,000 homeless and destitute children were gathered. This Refuge he maintained out of his own personal means, and when these became exhausted he secured the funds necessary to carry on the institution by delivering sermons and lectures. The Refuge served the purpose of both a home and a trades' school. Thousands of boys were rescued through the different refuges established by him or through his influence, were taught useful trades, and became honest and estimable citizens, a credit to themselves and a glory to Father Nugent.

But Mgr. Nugent's great charity and sympathy did not extend solely to the inebriate and to the orphan. The Magdalen, and those whom poverty or weakness had led to a loss of virtue and positive disgrace,

likewise shared his benevolence. Like the divine Master, whose faithful representative he was, he not only reprobred vice but showed himself ever ready to pardon human frailty and to succor the sinful and fallen. He established two houses which he placed in charge of those pure servants of God, the nuns, for the rescue and conversion of their weaker sisters in the world.

However manifold the duties thus self-imposed, Mgr. Nugent still found time to devote himself to literary pursuits and to give to the world some of his eminently practical philanthropic ideas through the pages of journalism. "He was a born journalist," says one who knew and worked with him. The success that he achieved is a sufficient proof of his ability in that line. He made the *Catholic Times*—formerly of Liverpool, but now of London—what it is, one of the most widely read Catholic newspapers in the world, as also one of the most influential. For twenty years he conducted and personally superintended the issuing of this paper. He spared neither time nor money to make it a success. A few years before his death he wrote: "For twenty years I never took from the *Catholic Times* what would buy my fare to Paris, but nearly all my salary at the prison went into the concern."

The effect of his untiring zeal and exemplary life upon the people of England, particularly those of his own city of Liverpool, can hardly be overestimated. Popular among both Catholics and non-Catholics, he did much in helping to establish amicable social relations between men of different religious belief and social caste. Catholics and non-Catholics alike vied with one another to do him honor while he was yet living. He is one of the few good men who have been honored with a public monument during life. On one of the most prominent sites in Liverpool there stands a statue erected to him with money subscribed by men and women of all classes and creeds. His genial good nature and the tender charity which he manifested towards all regardless of age, condition or sex, won all hearts to him. By his death the world lost one of its foremost promoters of good, the poor a kind father, and the sinful and wayward a refuge and a guide.

"The Stranger Who Made Himself at Home."

—
VARNUM A. PARRISH
—

"I might have known such a thing would occur when I left home. I'll never spend another winter in the South unless you are with me. It looks bad anyway for a woman to be at such a place alone. And then, too, for me to have these children to care for is altogether too much. You could just as well as not have spent these last two months with me in Mayport."

"Well, Milly," said Mr. Windell, "what has that to do with it? Don't you suppose the man would have got into the house just the same even if I had been in Mayport with you? I never saw such a woman. You get so excited over such a little thing like this that you don't use a bit of reason in your talk."

"You don't know whether it is a little thing or not," snapped Mrs. Windell. "Just wait till you look around and see what's gone before you call it a little thing. It's queer, I thought, when you were so busy that you couldn't be with me that you would surely not leave home for anything else; and here you have been in Watertown nearly a week, and you barely got off your train in time to meet the train we came on. Just think how it would have been if I had come home alone to this burglar-haunted house and found you gone. I wouldn't have known but what you were murdered, or something. I don't know what I would have done, really I don't. Now if you had fastened those basement windows, as I told you to, he would probably never have got in."

"Pshaw! nonsense! If they want to get in they'll do it, no matter how well your house is locked and barred. I should think you'd help me look around a little to see what's gone and what clue of the thief we can find, instead of doing so much talking. I'll listen to all that lingo after we send in a report to the police station. The quicker we get them on this fellow's track the more apt they'll be to catch him. It's only last night that he was here, I can tell by these breakfast dishes."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Mrs.

Windell, "you don't say he ate here, do you, Bert?"

"Looks lots like it," Windell replied. "There is a kettle of water on the range that is still warm, and the table has dirty dishes on it. Come out and see for yourself."

"Well of all the cheeky strangers I ever saw that fellow was the worst. He must have stayed all night in the house," Mildred exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly," replied her husband, "let us be about to see which chamber he slept in. Well, if there isn't a pair of rubbers under that chair. Must have been quite a respectable tramp, eh? It's queer he'd forget anything like that. They give us a clue. Notice what large ones they are. He must have had big feet."

After wandering all around the ground floor and finding nothing gone Windell and his wife went up to their sleeping apartments, and as they had suspected the man had spent the night in Windell's room. The children meanwhile stood looking on with curious eyes. They realized that something was wrong, but they couldn't comprehend what it was.

"By Jove!" said Bert, "if I didn't leave brother Phil's diamond stick pin on the dresser when I went away, and now it's gone. I wrote and told him when he went home last time that he had forgotten his pin and that I'd send it to him. But he said to wait, for he'd be down soon again and he'd get it then."

"Well, he'll never get it now," put in Mrs. Windell.

"I think he will," said the husband, "it is such a very peculiar pin that I believe we'll have no trouble in finding it in some pawn shop. He has even been using my brushes. Ah! I notice he has light hair and I see by the narrow end of the comb that he has a sandy mustache. Very tall too, I notice by the way he has tilted the dresser glass. Rather heavy one would judge from the indentation he made in the bed."

The wife stood admiring the remarkable discernment with which her husband was detecting the various and helpful suggestions of the stranger's appearances.

After summing up the clues Windell sent a vivid description of the supposed thief to the police station in Champaign and a like

portrayal to the station in Urbana. Now as these cities are practically one geographically but distinctly two politically, Windell thought it well to have the police forces of both cities on the lookout for his thief. The enmity between the rival towns incited both forces to exert themselves more than usual to find the man, for each station knew that the officers at the other station were searching for this man. The diamond stick pin was so extremely odd that the officers of both stations knew well that they could locate the man from the mere description of the stick pin alone; and as a consequence their search seemed to be more for the unique piece of jewelry than for the described man.

That night a well-dressed man was arrested as he was leaving the Star Theatre after the performance. The next morning another man was arrested about 1:30 at the I. C. station just as he was about to board a train.

While the Windell family were just beginning to eat their breakfast next morning the telephone bell rang. Mrs. Windell answered the call. She returned to the dining-room greatly excited.

"They've found the man and want you to appear at the police court at 9 a. m.," she said.

"Wouldn't that beat you," exclaimed Windell. "I told you they'd get him."

In about thirty minutes as the family were finishing their meal, the 'phone rang again. Mr. Windell went to the 'phone this time.

"Hello! Is this Windell?" said the coarse voice over the 'phone.

"Yes, this is Windell."

"Well, this is the Urbana station. We've got your man and want you to appear at the police court at 9 a. m."

"Well, how many times are you going to tell me? You 'phoned a few minutes ago."

"No, sir, not this station. This is the first time anyone has 'phoned from here this morning."

"Then, there's some mistake. Well, I'll be at the station anyway. Good-bye."

Windell returned to the dining-room in consternation.

"Say, Milly, who was that who 'phoned to you?"

"Why, the police station, of course."

"Well, which police station? Gracious! how stupid."

"Well, I didn't ask," said Mrs. Windell.

"That's just the way with women: they never get information straight. It's always jumbled. Never do anything but by halves."

Windell went back to the telephone and called up the Champaign station, and to his surprise found that they also held a supposed thief. Then he returned to the table and told his wife that it was the Champaign station that called her up and that there was a man held as the supposed burglar at each place.

Mr. Windell was greatly encouraged, but his wife thought that as they had made a mistake in arresting two men for the same offence, it was quite probable that neither of the men was guilty. Windell decided to stop into the Urbana station on his way to the other city, inspect the prisoner, inform the officials of the mistake, if there had been one, and then go over to Champaign. As Windell entered the Urbana station the prisoner was brought forth; it was his nephew, Robert Windell. The uncle rushed up and shook hands with the accused. A more amazed man than Bert Windell was never seen. Robert had not sufficiently recovered from his surprise of being arrested to quite appreciate this last. Bert Windell explained to the justice. The case was dismissed. Uncle and nephew started away from the station together.

"Hold on a minute," said Bert, "I've got to go back and have some one 'phone over to the other station to have that poor prisoner released. I forgot to tell the justice about the man being held over there for the crime you committed."

Robert Windell stopped, stood and wondered; wondered if he were dreaming, lost his mind, or what, while Bert rushed back to the justice and told him about the prisoner at the other station. Then when the uncle returned to where he had left his nephew standing he proceeded to relate the whole affair.

"But I wasn't at your house the night before last," exclaimed the nephew. "I've been selling goods in the southern part of the state all week. Just got in town here late last night. I was about to leave for

home on the I. C. this morning when I was arrested. I didn't intend to stop here, for I supposed all the time that you and your family hadn't returned from your winter home."

"Well, where did you get your father's stick pin?" said the uncle.

"I haven't father's stick pin. Didn't you know that he bought me a diamond pin in London at the same time he got his, and the same kind of pin too?"

"No, I didn't. Well, don't that beat thunder! Now I've got to go back to that station and tell them not to 'phone over to Champaign if they haven't done so already. Maybe they've sent word over and the prisoner may be gone," said the uncle as he hastened back up the steps of the police station again. Fortunately, they hadn't sent word. Bert explained the whole thing over again to the justice. Then he and his nephew hurried to the station in Champaign. On the way over Bert explained all that had happened. Robert plainly saw how it all came about, why he was arrested, and that no one was crazy or dreaming. He was as anxious as his uncle to get to the other station to see the guilty man convicted. They both felt sure that the prisoner must be guilty if he had on his person that remarkably peculiar pin when he was arrested. The prisoner was brought forth for identification, which was an easy matter, for he shook hands with his brother Bert and son Robert.

"Well," said Phil Windell, "although it was risky business I never thought when I spent the night before last at your house that I'd spend the next night in the police station."

"I should have thought," remarked Bert, "that you would have been afraid to break into a house that hour of the night for fear my neighbors might take you for a burglar and put a bullet through you."

"Oh," said Phil, "I never would have done it but my train was late. Didn't get in town till 1 a. m. I knew your wife was gone away, but hadn't any idea you weren't home. When I got out there to your house it was half-past one and I didn't want to come way back down town and go to a hotel, so I just made myself at home by means of a basement window."

The Apostle of Ireland.

WILLIAM C. O'BRIAN, '06.

The seventeenth of March has been since the days of Patrick, and ever will be, a day of joy, not only to every true Irish heart, but to everyone that can appreciate nobleness of life, fidelity to duty and heroic effort in the welfare of mankind. It is true that others have lived and others have died for the same cause to which Patrick devoted his life, but none can claim a greater share of our love and veneration than he; for the great work he accomplished can be attributed all to him alone (excepting divine aid, of course); and then too he effected it without shedding one drop of blood.

The pages of Irish history are strewn with many illustrious names; but all of them cluster round that of Patrick. We honor him because he was one of those specially created for a great and sublime work, and because in obedience to the voice of his Creator he is lifted up on the pinnacle of fame, and He bids all the earth proclaim "this was not only a man," but "this was a man of God." If we honor our worldly heroes with all the pomp and ceremony that can be given a creature, how much more should we praise Patrick who is a hero of God. He fought the good fight, he kept the faith, he left the field an enemy to Mammon, but a brave, a noble soldier of truth and duty. The battle he fought was one against ignorance and darkness; the banner he carried was the banner of Christianity; the weapons he used were love-laden javelins dipped in the holy fountain of truth and destined to pierce the hearts and minds of his people; the victory he won was the overthrowal of paganism and the establishment of Christianity; yet we do not regard Patrick as a hero but as one who was true and faithful and zealous in his life-work.

It is generally believed that God specially creates men for the time in which they live. He gives them extraordinary gifts that they may better carry out the work He destines them to do. When the cry was "on, on for wealth at any cost," and men's minds were

gnawed by the too-eager desire for riches the gentle Francis of Assisi came forth and cried "Peace," and began to teach the holiness of poverty. When the Albigensian heretics rose up against the Church and were working destruction among its children; when the gleaming light of peace and concord so much enjoyed by the Church was on the verge of dying away; when her loyal sons were looking heavenward for some one to defend the faith so dear to them, the great preacher Dominic came forth and uniting a little band went out to meet the foe, and by his efforts, combined with supernatural power, won his cause. And so is it in the building of nations, in civilizing them and in ruling them. So also was Patrick's life destined for a noble work.

Ireland was a pagan nation at the time. The music of our faith that floats over the world, dripping here and there and everywhere, had not yet found its way into the land. None of its children's souls had yet been carried on the wings of thought toward their true Creator. The adoration of the people was set in idols. Such was the condition of Ireland when Patrick, inflamed with a desire to carry the truth into the land and to bring these people out of darkness into light, came forth and planted the first seed of faith with but little hope of ever reaping fruit. But by his never-tiring efforts this land was soon converted. The people loved him, gave him their confidence, their devotion and their effort. The bond of love grew as strong as that between mother and son. So the seed grew and took such firm root that no storm could remove it.

Yes, Ireland's loyalty to that faith Patrick had given was shown on more than one occasion. In those years of continual wars and constant bloodshed when the Danes invaded Ireland, drove the inhabitants from their homes, robbed and destroyed the wealth of the land, they could not separate them. Again and again they came, and although they slew hundreds of men, women and children they could not disperse them; and when they learned that it was the bond of Christian faith that held them together, they marched forward with thousands equipped to destroy them and to crush the faith. But the half-starved and unarmed

Irish met them bravely and fought to retain the faith, till at last too weak from hunger and fatigue their legs sank under them; and even the little children—the beautiful and brilliant flowers of the land—were seen strewn here and there sacrificed in behalf of the faith Patrick had implanted. They were willing to surrender home and country for peace, but they would fight unto death to protect the teachings of Patrick. For three hundred years the Irish have been fighting against England, not indeed to acquire their freedom and their just rights, but to retain the faith; and they will continue to fight till the blood of the last martyr sprinkles the land, and the perfume of that belief which Patrick planted will continue through the land when every Irishman is dead and gone.

Not long after Patrick had introduced the faith into Ireland, churches and various institutions of learning began to spring up everywhere throughout the land, as if the very soil itself was producing them, so that soon Ireland became "the land of scholars." Men from all parts of the world went there to be educated. It is said that one college had seven thousand students, and every night at the appointed hour they could be seen wending their way along the moon-lit path toward the chapel where they united their voices in one grand hymn of praise to God. These men were from Germany, France, England and various countries; but regardless of race or birth they were united in one great aim. Men coming from these colleges were looked upon as the world's greatest scholars. Literature and the sciences flourished, and all looked bright for Ireland, but soon it became the "land of heroes and martyrs." And still the people cling to that faith, for all over the world we find the children of that land adhering to the Church with an undying love.

We can not think of these great deeds of Patrick, for which he labored so earnestly, so successfully and so long, without recalling his noble character. What was it that instilled into the minds of his people such fidelity, such ambition, such endurance for his faith? The nobleness and purity of his soul was the keynote to this great power in him. It shone through his every act and illumined them even as the sun gives light

to the moon. And when we consider the real greatness of his character and his lofty ideal, his devoted, self-sacrificing spirit we can not help admiring and loving him.

In an era like the present, when men's minds seemed filled with the too-eager desire for wealth, power, glory and fame; when there is scarcely a desire to penetrate beyond the surface of daily life, and the great problems of salvation are neglected or despised; when education means nothing more than a mere mechanical preparation for a certain task in life, and the very studies that give the soul a knowledge of truth and beauty, love and duty are sacrificed in the greedy struggle for worldly wealth; when the one aim is the desire to have more rather than to be more; when such things as ideals are scarcely known and the very existence of God is denied, at such a time, I say, we have need of such men as Patrick. When our nation is sunk in its own ruin and the cloud of darkness and ignorance overshadows it, God grant that another St. Patrick will come to teach us true principles, sound education and knowledge of the Supreme Being.

Counsel.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

WHEN I have drifted outward
Into life's chafing surge,
And the rough waves are lashing
My thews with cruel scourge,
I'll cast my wan eyes shoreward
Over long miles of sea,
And these fond words you've spoken
Will strengthen me.

When the dark clouds of heaven
Deep thunder o'er my head,
And the unbridled north winds
Plough up the ocean-bed;
When I am weak and sinking
I'll turn my thoughts to thee,
And these fond words you've spoken
Will strengthen me.

When the wild winds of heaven
Have chased the clouds away,
And the white waves are sleeping
Under the smile of day,
I hope to reach the harbor
With the in-going sea,
And these fond words like spirits
Will plead for thee.

The Manliness of John Keats.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, '06.

Matthew Arnold in his admirable essay on Keats shows that the common notion of Keats as a merely sensuous poet is entirely incorrect. Arnold does this by quotations from letters and other prose writings of Keats; his object is to show that Keats had character, and esteemed and practised virtue. The story of this poet is full of pathos. Shortly before his death he wrote: "If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory; but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered."

There is a note of deep sadness in this, as of one frustrated of a lofty ideal that he had set his heart on attaining, and we pity Keats the more when we understand the circumstances of his life. He was the son of a hostler, was taken out of school when fifteen and apprenticed to a surgeon for seven years, and died at the age of twenty-five. Does it not seem marvelous that, under such conditions, he should have done anything valuable at all? Still he is one of the great English poets. His was a noble soul, and its struggle in the face of most unfavorable surroundings should be a lesson to us. He wrote on one occasion: "I think, if I had a free and healthy and lasting organization of heart, and lungs as strong as an ox's, so as to be able to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation without weariness, I could pass my life very nearly alone, though it should last eighty years. But I feel my body too weak to support me to the height; I am obliged continually to check myself and to be nothing."

How disheartening it must have been for one who loved strength so much to be a weak consumptive! On every side Keats seemed to meet misfortune. When twenty-two he published his "Endymion," and instead of being praised for it was criticised unmercifully. But all this did not daunt the young poet; he took a sensible, reasonable view of everything, and courageously did what he could in spite of circumstances.

"The best sort of poetry," he said, "is all I live for." He wished to be among the English poets when he died, and he accomplished his object even in the few brief years that were given him. He is by far the youngest of our great poets; and when we look through the list of the last century and see the company he is keeping we wonder the more at his presence there. Midway between Wordsworth and Tennyson, in age he might be a son of either. Not so philosophical as Wordsworth, but more perfect in the power of expression; not so fantastic or artistic as Tennyson, but more truly human.

Boys and young men are naturally fond of heroes and ideals, but they do not always choose the most useful kind. If we take as an ideal a being who never had existence except in the mind of a novelist, we do not blame ourselves for not imitating him because it is easy to make such a creature without flesh and blood do anything the imagination suggests. But if we keep stored away in our minds for encouragement in overcoming difficulties the examples of persons who lived and walked upon the same "brown old earth" we live and walk upon, who were tried by the same temptations with which we are tried, and who, in spite of obstacles, achieved their ends, we can turn to them in hours of struggle and they will whisper to us what they whispered to themselves in like hours, and we will be strengthened and consoled.

John Keats is such a one. His life was a struggle against overwhelming odds, and yet he conquered. He wished to be among the English poets, and he is among them. His health was bad, his opportunities limited and his life cut off when it was still a bud. He worked the best he knew how, but harsh criticism was his reward. His family was poor, and he had to earn his own living along with writing poetry. Many a man who has looked without a tremor into the cannon's mouth, would have faltered before such obstacles and turned aside from his purpose. Keats did not so; he was a philosopher even if he did write:

But my flag is not unfurl'd
On the Admiral-staff, and to philosophize
I dare not yet.

Matthew Arnold corrects well the common notion, that Keats was killed by the savage

reviews of his poems by quoting Keat's own words on this subject: "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right no external praise can give such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine."

We need no further proof of the manliness of Keats. Such sentiments could only originate in the heart and mind of a man. But Matthew Arnold quotes many other passages all to the same effect, each new one intensifying the reader's conviction of the noble nature of this hostler's son. Besides this, the life of Keats shows us how much can be accomplished in a short time when one lives in the universe created by his own work. Also, we may gather from the words quoted at the beginning of this sketch that Keats thought his life was a failure; but we know it was a glorious success. We often do far more than we know when we strive with our whole heart. Everyone who can ought to get acquainted with this beautiful young poet through the works he has left us, and nothing could be of more assistance to a proper appreciation of them than to read Matthew Arnold's magnificent essay on the character of John Keats.

A Name to be Revered.

JAMES D. JORDAN, '07.

Sometimes men's names have been derived from a certain peculiarity of their make-up; sometimes from a circumstance connected with their life, and sometimes from an event which happened at the time of their birth. The name Patrick, however, has an entirely different origin. It comes from the Latin title "Patricius," an order instituted about the middle of the fourth century by the first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great. This title was the highest honor that a Roman emperor could confer on any of his subjects. So estimable was the cognomen that Constantine, towards the end of

his reign, had it conferred upon himself; the nobility of Europe in succeeding ages were proud to wear the name; Charlemagne, that great sovereign of the holy Roman empire in the ninth century assumed the title "Patricius" as his greatest appellation.

When Ireland became thoroughly Christian, the people called their male children Patricius, which was anglicized into Patrick, subsequently abbreviated into Pat, and finally corrupted into Paddy. But in other nations, where the name Patricius exists, the original Latin form of the word has been retained. Still the greatness of the name is of little consequence when we consider the one who first bore it.

Divers opinions exist concerning the birth of St. Patrick. Some historians hold that he was of Welsh descent; others claim that he was of Gallic stock, and still others maintain that he was of Roman parentage. Although we do not know for a certainty where or from what race he sprang, we do know that he was born for mankind and for religion. He was born to plant the seed of Christianity in the fertile soil of Ireland, a seed which would bring forth a plant whose branches would extend to all parts of the world and whose fruit would never decay.

Little is known of the early life of St. Patrick. He was a pious boy, ready to help others and to do good whenever an opportunity presented itself. We first hear of him in history in the year 389. Many captives were taken in Gaul by Nial the Grand. Among these was Patrick, then a boy of sixteen. All of the conquered Gauls were sold into slavery. Patrick was bought by a certain Milacho. He was soon appointed shepherd on account of his good conduct. After seven years of servitude, however, he was released by his master.

Immediately after his release from servitude, Patrick set out for the Continent and entered the college of Tours where his uncle, St. Martin, was a teacher. After completing a four years' course at Tours he attached himself to the order of St. Augustine. He remained in a monastery with St. Germain for nine years. Here it is said that he prayed a hundred times a day and as many times during the night.

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—One of the most reasonable sources of discouragement to students rises out of not noticing in themselves remarkable talents of any kind. If we are disheartened for this reason we are wrong. There is no man who will not become something beautiful and fair if he tries his best to do his duty. Each one has difficulties to conquer, but no one is common-place who is doing all he can to develop his body, his mind and his character.

—St. Patrick's Day is with us again, and Irishmen in every part of the world are keeping it, as usual, in the most animated fashion. This observance of its patron's feast-day reveals a beautiful trait in the Irish race: loyalty and unity springing from enthusiasm for their religion. No other nation celebrates its patron saint's day as the Irish do, and among the members of no other race is there so close and spiritual a bond of union. There is a lesson in this: religion strikes deeper cords in the soul than anything else; nothing tends more to unify men than the hope of a common country wherein to dwell after death and pass, as brothers and sisters, an immortal life. No

man is held in more genuine love than the captain or general who, like St. Patrick, leads an army of souls to truth and hope of spiritual life. A man like St. Patrick is loved more by his simple-hearted children than the most learned philosophers or the greatest kings. The splendid show of spirit called forth every 17th of March should teach us the superiority of religion to anything else in the world.

—Now comes talk of a third term for Roosevelt. The supporters of the President are loud in their claims that the people will elect him, and his opponents are equally clamorous in predicting an ignominious defeat. What attention is to be given to this scheme is pretty hard to determine, for so wonderful are the ways of the modern politician that there is no telling how great a fire a slight smoke connotes. Grosvenor's utterances are *prima facie* serious attempts to create a false popular demand sufficient to enable the President to rescind his personal pledge and override the third term prohibition so rigidly observed by his twenty-five predecessors in office. Meanwhile "the strenuous one" is silent, which means that he is thinking. Will he think himself into the proper attitude? We hope so. Theodore Roosevelt is not so egregious a megalomaniac as to be blind to the fact that it does not pay to break faith with the public or trample on the unwritten law of a nation.

—At college there are certain drawbacks as well as many advantages. The comingling of young men of various degrees of breeding, and the fact that the habits of the less gentlemanly are liable to have a deteriorating influence upon the well-mannered, make it necessary for every student to note the character of those with whom he is obliged to come in contact, and carefully to avoid copying what is unbecoming a good Christian and a cultured gentleman. It is not true to say one may with impunity disregard the rules of good etiquette and hope to practise them again at will. The saying, "What we do frequently we do easily," holds good in this matter as well as every other.

The Rev. Father Molloy, C. S. C.



The death of Father Francis Molloy Wednesday last was sudden indeed. In apparently good health at noon, two hours later he was a corpse. His passing away was as quiet as his life. He was born in Ireland, May 27th, 1842; entered the priesthood, Dec. 19, 1878; died March 14, 1906. He was a scholarly, saintly priest. His long connection with college work in the various schools of his Order gave him a chance to pursue the study of languages for which he seemed especially fitted. The proficiency he attained in several of these is well known by the large number who studied under him and by those who had occasion to consult him.

The evenness of his temper and his hearty spirit of accommodation and co-operation that could ever be relied on were emphasized strongly and feelingly by the Rev. President in the sermon delivered at the funeral. The gentle way the deceased had in dealing with those over whom he was placed was rewarded by the night-watches around his remains by the members of St. Joseph's Hall.

The Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Cavanaugh, assisted by Fathers Marr and Schumacher, as deacon and sub-deacon. The Rev. W. Connor was master of ceremonies. The community, members of the Faculty, the students of the Hall of which Father Molloy was Rector, and the Spanish-speaking students, accompanied the body to its last resting-place. The prayers then said will be often repeated for the eternal repose of his soul.

The Semi-Final Debates.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the semi-final debates were held in the Law room. The speeches were ten minutes in length with five minutes for rebuttal. Interesting as were the preliminaries, they

paled into insignificance by the side of these battles of mind. Monday the contestants were, E. Burke, Young, Corcoran, Galligan and Brown. Everyone of them did remarkably well. Mr. Burke's speech was a model of clear, deductive reasoning, and he displayed much facility in rebutting arguments extempore. Mr. Young and Mr. Galligan are new men in this kind of work, and the showing they made reflects the greatest credit on them both. Mr. Young is still a Preparatory man and great things are to be hoped from him. Mr. Corcoran surprised everyone and received first place unanimously.

Tuesday, T. Burke, Donahue, W. Cunningham, Collier and Boyle continued the discussion. Of course, everybody expected Mr. Donahue to do well, but he surprised even his admirers. He received, in common with Mr. Bolger, the highest mark in the entire contest.

Wednesday brought forth the most interesting contest, on account of the presence of Bolger and Malloy, luminaries of last year's team. The other speakers were, J. Cunningham, Corbett and Hagerty. The fight was warm throughout. Mr. Bolger did better than ever before, and everyone who knows him understands what that is. Mr. Malloy, too, was there with his elegant, finished manner and ran a close race for first place.

It was the general impression that if a medal were given for improvement Mr. J. B. Cunningham should have received it. Mr. Corbett was laboring under a great disadvantage, but in spite of his sore throat he acquitted himself very creditably. The following is the list of the successful candidates in the order in which the judges placed them:

W. J. Donahue	293 out of a possible 300.
W. A. Bolger	293
P. M. Malloy	288
T. J. Corcoran	281
C. J. Hagerty	280½
J. B. Cunningham	263
J. J. Boyle	259
T. E. Burke	259

These eight men will contest in Washington Hall, March 28, and from them will be picked the teams that are to go against Iowa and De Pauw.

(Continued from page 369.)

Pope Celestine seeing how faithful Patrick was in performing his duties sent him on missionary work to the barbarous country of Ireland. It is then that the title "Patricius" was conferred on the saint, and ever since that time he has been known to posterity as Patricius or Patrick. That great saint knew the hardships which he would have to suffer in Ireland, for he had been a slave in that country for several years. Yet he was undaunted in his courage, and determined to persevere in doing good in the midst of innumerable difficulties. Thus Patrick returned to the land of his captivity, bearing all the honors which spiritual power could confer; still he was humble, a characteristic which enabled him to do his life-work so well.

He arrived at the northwestern coast of Ireland in 432. There he made many converts. The lords of that region, thinking that a band of "pirates" had landed on their shores, issued forth to drive them away. But they were struck with the sanctified appearance of the gentle leader, and heard him speak. Many of these lords and their families shortly afterwards embraced Christianity. Among the first converts were the wife and daughter of St. Patrick's former master, Milacho. The master himself was so incensed when he heard that his wife and daughter had adopted the Christian faith that he set fire to the house and cast himself into the flames.

It was not long after this that Patrick showed his true, fearless character. He entered the County Breagh where he gained many followers. The lord of that section had built a large bonfire which burned for two days, and he forbade the inhabitants of his domain to make a fire until his was entirely extinguished. Patrick saw immediately that this was simply a superstitious custom, and as it was winter and he needed shelter from the cold he started a fire directly opposite the large bonfire of the monarch. The Druids reported the saint's action to the latter, and accused Patrick of insulting authority. They said that if the fire was not extinguished immediately he who kindled it and his successors would hold sovereignty in Ireland forever. This

prophecy was true. Ever since that time the Christian religion has held sway in Ireland. When Patrick was brought before the king for insulting authority, the latter spoke with him reasonably, and after a short conversation was converted to Catholicity. In the years following Patrick was received hospitably throughout that part of Ireland. The lord of that region granted him a large tract of land for a church. It was there that the first priests in Ireland were ordained.

After converting a large proportion of the inhabitants in northern Ireland he moved southward to Creagh in County Mayo. There he performed many miracles. The people of that section, however, were not yet thoroughly convinced that the Christian religion was the true one. He answered all their queries clearly and satisfactorily with one exception. The inhabitants doubted the doctrine of the Trinity, and until that mystery was explained they would not accept Catholicity. St. Patrick was equal to the occasion. He stooped and plucked a shamrock from the grass. He showed that the three leaves of the shamrock emanate from the same stem. This simple illustration was enough. Hundreds of persons praised God, and thanked St. Patrick for bringing them the true religion to which their ancestors had been blind for so many centuries. On account of this occurrence the shamrock has long been the emblem of Ireland, and is worn by every Irish patriot on Saint Patrick's Day.

One peculiar fact about the conversion of Ireland is that there was only one martyr at the shrine of Christianity. Odram, St. Patrick's driver, gave up his life for the faith. He was taking the saint for a drive one morning, when the latter was about to be attacked by a band of jealous Druids. Odram saw the impending danger, and determined to save the life of St. Patrick at all hazards. He quickly exchanged outer garments with Patrick, and the Druids killed Odram, thinking that he was the saint.

Toward the end of his life, Patrick returned to Lough Derg, a favorite retreat in the County Donegal, where he spent his life's decline in pious meditation, presiding occasionally at the great synod of the clergy. After a long life of usefulness and fame, the

saint sank to rest at the grand age of one hundred and twenty-six, honored and revered by nations. He outlived four archbishops, all consecrated by himself, he being the first and sixth. No pomp heralded his coming, no mailed armies guarded his dying bed; heavenly heralds bore him into the presence of his Creator.

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Athletic Notes.

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If the date can be agreed upon Northwestern and Notre Dame will come together in a dual track meet on March 31st. Owing to our delay in accepting the offer Northwestern has arranged to pull off an inter-class meet on that date, and the event now rests upon the agreement of dates. For a time we were unable to decide whether or not we could put a team in the field, but the progress of the new men and the loyal support of the old men has given Trainer Draper reason to believe he can turn out a good team. Scales has shown promise in the hurdles and the high jump. Donovan, O'Connell and O'Shea of last year's team are out, and all are rounding into shape and can be counted on for points. Arnold, a freshman, shows great promise in the 220, as does Roach in the 40.

Keeffe has decided not to compete in track this season. His loss will be severely felt, for he was the best man in the half and the quarter that Notre Dame has had for years.

Pryor is eligible this year and he has developed into a good man in the pole vault. He has never been in a Varsity meet, but has competed in all the inter-hall contests for the past two years, and as he could do 10 feet last year with very little training he can be counted on to carry away a few points in his event. "Capt." Murray is trying out for the distance runs and is another of the "promising comers."

The Faculty has consented to sending a relay team to compete in the New Illinois Athletic Club Meet, to be held in Chicago March 28, Donovan, O'Shea and O'Connell are the only men who appear able to go the distance in the required time. Any man in the school who can travel a quarter mile under 56 will please report at once to Trainer Draper, and if he can deliver the

goods and go the distance he has a position cinched on the relay team.

Corby Hall has an indoor meet scheduled with South Bend High School which will come off on March 24 at Notre Dame.

John Scales has handled the candidates for the past month and has developed a good bunch of men. The South Bend team has been practising in the Gym for several weeks, and the meet promises to be a hotly contested and exciting event, as the teams are evenly matched and both determined to win.

Birmingham has been unable to practise during the past week on account of illness.

Everything is quiet in the baseball line; no one has been injured, nor has anyone done anything out of the ordinary to gain mention here. The most exciting incident takes place every afternoon at three o'clock. A number of large, long men walk rapidly across the campus and enter the Gym. They are closeted for about twenty minutes, and the only sounds that break the death-like silence which hangs over the athletes' home are the murderous yells and screams which float along on the heavy air and are wafted through the two-inch planks that separate the gallery from the dressing-rooms. When at last the door opens many necks are strained to be the first to see them appear. The baseball team trots out to practise. And oh! the excitement is intense.

One man hits the ball, another throws it back to the batter, then another man appears with a little stick of wood, and as the man who is throwing the ball at him yells "look out," he falls down—that's "Mac" McCarthy. Another ball comes sailing at him; he hits it with his little stick, and turns and walks like a man—yes, a man—to his seat. Finally, their blood cools down, and then the very longest man on the squad yells: "That's enough," and there is a mad rush for the dressing-room. Baseball practice is over. Silently the spectators file their lonely way down the gallery steps and out into the open air. Another day is gone, and they must wait exactly twenty four hours for another. Oh! this is a great and busy world. R. L. B.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

NEW TRIAL GRANTED.

The case of *Ubetti v. Vane* was tried in the Moot Court two weeks ago. It was a jury trial, as it involved controversy regarding the facts. These covered such points as agency, personal service, reality of contract, and the like.

It seems that a certain Mrs. Smart had highly recommended to her friend Mrs. Vane an artist named Signor Ubetti as one eminently qualified to paint a life-like picture of the late Mr. Vane. In the course of the conversation she said that the Signor stood so high in his art that his work would fully satisfy Mrs. Vane and that if it did not, she felt sure he would not ask or expect a cent for it. She was to receive from him a commission on the work thus secured, but the Widow Vane was not aware of this fact. She was authorized to have the artist call. He did so and received the necessary instructions to proceed with the work. In due time he finished and tendered to the widow an excellent picture of her deceased husband. It did not satisfy her, however, and so she stated, refusing to accept or pay for it. In the action he brought for its price (\$600) the jury awarded him a verdict for the full amount.

The attorneys for the defendant entered a motion for a new trial, and it was argued at the last sitting of the court. They contended in the main that the verdict was not in accordance with the law and the evidence. After hearing both sides, the court ruled in favor of the motion and ordered that the verdict be set aside. The case was then reinstated on the calendar for a new trial.

In commenting upon the evidence and the arguments Judge Hoynes said that a line of distinction is to be drawn between a contract for personal services and a contract for services generally, which may be rendered as well by one person as another. A contract to paint a picture would be of the former class. It could not be assigned and death would terminate it; but a contract of a general nature would still survive in such case and the personal representatives or assigns would be answerable for its

performance. If an artist agree to paint a picture satisfactory to his patron, and the latter is not satisfied with it, such patron alone is the judge of the reasonableness of the causes of dissatisfaction that appeal to him. Regardless of the merits of the picture, he may reject and decline to pay for it, if he choose to do so.—*Zaleski v. Clark*, 44 Conn. 218; *Brown v. Foster*, 113 Mass. 136; *Gibson v. Granage*, 39 Mich. 49; *Pennington v. Howland*, 21 R. I. 65; *McClure v. Briggs*, 58 Vt. 82; *Silsby Mfg. Co. v. Chico*, 24 Fed. 893. In a broader sense, too, where a person promises under contract to do something to the satisfaction of the promisee, and the thing to be done is a subject of personal taste or judgment, the promisee is the sole judge of whether the promise is sufficiently or satisfactorily performed, and the question whether a reasonable person would be satisfied with it is immaterial.—*Id.*; *Anvil Min. Co. v. Humble*, 153 U. S. 540; *Allen v. Mutual Compress Co.*, 101 Ala. 574; *Fox v. Detroit, etc., Ry. Co.*, 125 Mich. 252; *Frary v. Am. Rubber Co.*, 52 Minn. 264. Where, however, the contract is not of a personal nature a reasonable performance of it—or a performance satisfactory to the average man—would be sufficient. This would be the standard in ordinary cases, or where not to be specifically performed to the "satisfaction" of the promisee.

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Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, of Chicago, addressed the students of the Law Department Saturday evening last. His subject was the Examination of Land Titles. A black-board was used in illustrating the "lay of the land." From the first word until the prolonged applause at the finish he held the undivided attention of his audience. His address was impromptu. It pointed out the pitfalls, as well as the safe ground, in this somewhat technical and even complicated branch of legal work. He traced the title to real property through its various stages and involutions from its source in the Government to its subdivision in varied ownership into additions, blocks and lots. The scrupulous care necessary in the

examination of abstracts of title and the caution and reserve advisable in writing opinions thereon, were forcibly and warningly impressed upon the attention of his hearers. His address was not only interesting and instructive, but also entertaining in a high degree, a vein of alternate wit and humor sparkling in it throughout, and fairly captivating his audience. His second lecture will deal with the probate of an estate, showing the steps taken in the proceeding from first to last, and be delivered in the Law Room next Saturday evening.

* *

Rev. Alexander Kirsch, C. S. C., finished last week in the Law Department his exceptionally interesting and instructive course of lectures on Medical Jurisprudence. He proved himself to be a master of the subject. In fact, through years of patient investigation and profound study he has sounded it to the depths in its direct and collateral courses. But few lecturers have like equipment for dealing with it. His thorough knowledge of biology, botany, chemistry, toxicology, anatomy, physiology and the principles of *materia medica*, enables him to present the subject in all its bearings, and with singular aptness, clearness, and impressiveness. He dealt exhaustively with it, and his interesting discourses and happy illustrations were listened to attentively and with evident appreciation and pleasure.

Wild Birds at Notre Dame:

(CONTINUED.)

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

This blackbird is found near lakes and marshes. During the breeding season the male makes a great fuss when anyone approaches its nesting-place, and will hover round a pedestrian until he has gone far away from the nest. Later in the summer great flocks of these birds may be seen in the fields along country roads. A good view of the red-wing may be obtained by the shore of a lake where he is often found resting on a reed.

The red-wing's markings are: "General color black, with a greenish lustre; shoulders crimson bordered with buff; tail full and

rounded; bill and legs black, the former thick at the base. Length, 9:50 inches."

THE MEADOW-LARK.

This interesting bird is one of the earliest to arrive in the month of March. Some have interpreted its note as "spring of the year." Heard from the middle of the meadow the bird's song is very agreeable. The lark builds its nest on the ground. About haying time the young are fledged, and when the mower is working the birds may be seen flying about in great numbers. They remain until the end of October when the cold drives them south.

The meadow-lark may be known from the following description: Back brown spotted with black; breast bright yellow with a large black crescent; a yellow stripe over the eye and one on the crown; tail feathers pointed, the outer ones white; legs and feet flesh-color. Length, 10:75 inches.

THE VESPER SPARROW.

This plain bird of the outlying fields and roadsides is one of our sweetest songsters. The soft strains of its song sound far away even when the bird is near at hand. It frequently sings at sundown, hence its pretty name, vesper sparrow. Of all our sparrows its notes are the sweetest, wildest, tenderest. I have stood near the Community cemetery on a pleasant evening in spring and listened long and rapturously to the song of the vesper sparrow.

The vesper sparrow is marked as follows: "Above light brown streaked with darker; beneath yellowish white streaked on breasts and sides with brown; wings light brown, reddish on the shoulders and with two pale bands; tail slightly notched, the outermost feathers almost entirely white; bill and feet pale. Length, 6:10 inches.

Local Items.

—How are you keeping your Lenten resolutions?

—Have ye olden times come again, Philosophers?

—FOUND—A pair of gloves. Call at Room 29, Sorin Hall.

—This is the lion's share of our March; let us hope the taming will come soon.

—Martin O'Donnell, "the human squirrel,"

is back and we are glad to see him. He comes with the good weather.

—If you are guilty of the "voices" on the south side of the second flat of Sorin after ten o'clock, take a friend's advice and cut it out!

—Many have heard of straw-colored diamonds. There is one which is to be seen on St. Joseph's Hall campus that is decidedly water-colored these days.

—It doesn't make much difference what the weather man reports, we have few doubts since they've taken the storm windows to where they belong—in the cellar.

—The regular meeting of the New York State Club was held Friday evening, March 9, in the Brownson reading-room. After the regular business of the evening a delightful program was rendered. Mr. Raymond Blum, one of the entertainers, deserves special mention for his reading of Ben Hur's "Chariot Race." A program in honor of St. Patrick will be given on the eve of the 17th.

—A copy of the Mendota "Fad" is at hand. We notice an application on the "Munson-cigarette holder." Mr. Munson, the ingenious inventor, is at present pursuing a course in the Law Department. While his friends congratulate the young man, still they are agitated muchly concerning the question, "Can Mr. Munson, a citizen of Indiana, be prosecuted for encouraging the cigarette habit in Illinois?"

—Old Winter is gone and Young Spring is near at hand. Now is the time to acquire the habit of observation and in the most pleasant manner to get a good deal of information about Nature. Only look around. Discreetly find out the window or the tree where the bird family is going to settle its home; see how cautiously the choice is made and how diligently and carefully the home is built. Be prudent in watching, and you will surely catch a glimpse of the wonderful ways in which the little ones of creation are doing their work. A whole world of pleasing things you never thought of may be unfolded to you at any time you choose to attend to Mother Nature. Watch grass, trees, flowers and sunbeams. Why, a little bit of poetry in it won't hurt you. Spring is twice beautiful when there is spring in the heart.

—At a meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held Sunday night, arrangements were made for the preliminaries for the debate with St. Joseph's Hall. The latter will assume the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That the present system of Protective Tariff should be abolished." As many candidates are trying out for Brownson, very interesting preliminaries are assured for the meeting on March 29.

A feature of last evening was the skill displayed in extemporaneous debating. The regular meeting of the society was held on Thursday evening, March 15. Pamphile De Pew acquitted himself very well in his remarks on the advantages of a debating society. He referred in eloquent terms to the interest which Bro. Alphonsus and Prof. Farabaugh had taken in the society, and they in turn answered with words of advice to the members. Bro. Hugh was also present. After an extemporaneous debate the members adjourned.

—A debate between the Shaksperian Literary Society and the Never-Sweat Philomathes has been set for April first. After much spirited discussion from both clubs, the decision was reached late last night as to the subject: "Resolved, That the wrong done the birds by barring them from the church tower is greater than the good resulting to the student body." Messrs. Worden, Beacom and Fisher will defend the affirmative, while Cushing, Dubbs and Pryor will answer them. The contest is expected to be hotly interesting, and betting as to the outcome has already been suppressed (the lid being on). The young orators are to be congratulated on their choice of a subject; and we anxiously await the decision which will put an end to much foolish sentiment concerning the eviction of the birdies. As to the merits of the individual debaters we will not commit ourselves; however, we feel certain that each will more than come up to our most sanguine expectations which hover round the zero mark. The affirmative is especially fortunate in having M. Worden whose ability (as a "bird") is well known; while Mr. Beacom (who, by the way, hails from Iowa, the home of the Lallys, Malloys and Dollivers, as his records show) presents a very weighty argument. With apparent odds it would seem that the affirmative will have an advantage, but this is hardly true as the negative has taken steps to make themselves gushy as well as sensible. This bit of wisdom has been shown in their choice of Mr. Pryor, who, with his green tights and little pole, is expected to soar after the affirmative when those "feathers" attempt to navigate into ethereal regions concerning "the bird as a part of harmonious nature, and its part in our aesthetic development." Backed by Cushing and Dubbs, and propelled by his little pole, we think Mr. Pryor will prove wellnigh invincible. George Cecil Fansler of the Ciceronians has been asked to preside. As yet the judges have not been selected, while the place where the confabulating is to be done is still under discussion. St. Joseph's lake and the Niles road have been suggested, both affording ample opportunity for escape.